

State Librarian
What is
out the Republican

The Daily Republican.

Our Aim, All the
News--All the Time

Vol. 8. No. 5.

Rushville, Indiana, Saturday Evening, March 18, 1911.

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I. & C. CARS IN BAD COLLISION

Passengers Escape Injury When Passenger and Freight Crash Near Fountaintown This Afternoon.

SAID THAT CAR "WENT DEAD"

Motorman John Stump Who Jumped, Reported to be Fatally Injured.

It seems nothing less than miraculous that no one was killed this afternoon, when the I. & C. eastbound passenger car, due here at 1:19 o'clock, and two westbound freight cars, running as one train, collided about one-eighth of a mile east of Fountaintown, in Shelby county, near the bridge crossing Brandywine creek shortly before one o'clock today. At a late hour this afternoon it was next to impossible to get any details from the scene of the wreck. At that time it was reported that John Stump, motorman on the freight car, who jumped, was dying. The report is not authentic and little credence is given to it. It is stated, however, that he broke his leg in the leap from the car.

People in Fountaintown who saw the wreck say that it was due to the fact that the freight train "went dead" on the main track just east of Fountaintown. It is reported that when the motorman found that his car was out of order, he finally succeeded in getting it to back, but not to go forwards. It is said that he saw the passenger car rushing down on his car, and realizing that there was only one way to escape a disastrous head-on collision, started his car backward as fast as it could be run.

Fearing that he would be killed, when he saw that a crash was inevitable, it is said that Motorman Stump jumped when his car was only a few feet from the bridge crossing Brandywine creek. Bystanders say that the passenger crashed into the freight and splinters and bolts flew through the air. The crash was not very terrific, but the two cars locked from the impact.

When the report of the impact with the two cars was heard, excitement was rampant among the passengers on the eastbound car. It is said that passengers were thrown from their seats and were tossed about considerably, but that none of them was seriously hurt. The conductor, James Riggs, succeeded in quieting them by assuring them that there was no danger and they were finally transferred to another car which soon arrived from Indianapolis on schedule time.

It is said that eyewitnesses to
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CIVIL WAR VETERAN DEAD

Harvey Bartlow, 81 Years Old, Passed Away in Clarksburg.

The funeral services of Harvey Bartlow, who died yesterday at his home in Clarksburg, will be held tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock in the Methodist church there. Mr. Bartlow located in Clarksburg after the civil war and had lived there ever since. During the war he served with the 37th Indiana Volunteers. He was 81 years old and is survived by a widow and one son.

FINLY GRAY WILL SUPPORT CLARK

Tells New Castle People he Will Vote For the Canadian Reciprocity Measure in Congress.

WILL SOON GO TO WASHINGTON

Finly H. Gray of Connorsville, who will take up his duties soon as representative from the Sixth district, succeeding William O. Barnard, was in New Castle yesterday and spent some time in consultation with friends. Mr. Gray stated that he was decidedly in favor of the Canadian reciprocity bill and would vote for it. He will also vote for Champ Clark for speaker. The representative's visit yesterday had no political significance, he said. However, it was understood that he was there to ascertain the desires of the people of the county as to legislation that will come up at the extra session of congress. Mr. Gray will still maintain his office in Connorsville and it will be in charge of his sister, who has acted as his secretary.

ELUSIVE'S THE WORD.

The opening chapters of "Elusive Isabel," a novel of more than passing interest, are printed in the Daily Republican today. It is a mystery romance of the diplomatic class in Washington and holds the interest until the very closing words. Political intrigue is the theme of the fascinating story, which centers about the United States secret service, in which a man and a woman battle for supremacy. The novel romance is by Jacques Futrelle, a writer who has gained considerable reputation in recent years. He wrote the "High Hand" which was published serially in the Saturday Evening Post and proved to be one of the most popular stories of political life which was ever published.

NICKEL IS CAUSE OF FOUL MURDER

William George, Rush County Man, is Killed by Anderson Carter, in White Plains, Mo.

ALTERCATION OVER 5 CENTS

Believing he Had Been Overcharged Farmer Hurls Plow Point at Former Local Man.

The question as to whether or not a nickel more than the regular price had been charged for two plow points led to an altercation between Anderson Carter, a farmer, and William A. George, a Rush county man, in a hardware store in White Plains, Missouri, last Wednesday evening, in which George was killed. George was employed as a clerk at the Funkhouser & Davis hardware store. Carter had come to the store to buy farm supplies and was waited on by Mr. George. When the time came to settle the bill the farmer thought he had been victimized out of a 5-cent piece and told the clerk so. There were words. Carter is alleged to have hurled one of the points, which struck George squarely on the forehead.

At the time George did not appear to be badly injured. He started for home, however, and on the way met his wife and baby, whom he did not recognize. Physicians were summoned to the home and George died at midnight.

Carter, the alleged murderer, was arrested at once and is confined in the county jail there, awaiting trial on the charge of murder. According to press dispatches, Carter has had a fairly good reputation in the town in which he lives. Two of his brothers are serving life terms in the Missouri State penitentiary, and an uncle and a cousin committed murder, the uncle being lynched.

Will George, the victim, was about fifty years old. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph George and was born and reared near Fayetteville. His father conducted a general store in Fayetteville all of his life and only a few years ago went to Kansas City, Mo., to live with his daughter, Mrs. Arthur T. Cowan. The sister of the murdered man was the first to leave Rush county, going to Kansas City after she was married, to reside. Later her brother joined her there and then went to White Plains, to engage in the hardware business. After his wife died the father sold his general store at Fayetteville and joined the remaining members of the family in Missouri.

—Mr. and Mrs. Will Casady and Mrs. Mary Morrison of Mooresville, who are visiting relatives near Homer will return home Monday.

MARRIES LOVER OF HER GIRLHOOD

Mrs. Emma Gavin of This City is Wedded to Leroy Stone, Wealthy Ranch Owner.

TOOK PLACE AT TACOMA, WASH.

Present Husband and She Were Sweethearts Before Marriage to John Gavin Here.

There is much of the romantic in the life of Mrs. Emma Gavin, formerly of this city, who was married to Leroy Stone in Seattle, Washington not long ago. Mr. Stone is wealthy and conducts a large cattle ranch at his home. A story in the Tacoma Daily News of Tacoma, Washington, explains as follows:

"The wedding of Mrs. Emma L. Gavin to Leroy Stone, which was performed by the Rev. Jesse Marhoff at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stone, Seattle, was the sequel to a pretty romance in which Miss Rosamund Stone, an aunt of the bridegroom, and for many years a resident of Tacoma, was intimately concerned. Miss Stone, who lives in Tacoma, first met Mrs. Gavin when she was a young girl.

"Mrs. Gavin, then Miss Emma Lewis, came to live with Miss Stone at her home in Jackson, Mich. During her visit Leroy Stone, a nephew of Miss Stone's paid a visit to the Michigan home, and became deeply attached to Miss Lewis. The two did not marry, however, and Miss Lewis went to Rushville, Indiana, where she married Mr. Gavin, who died a few years later. In the meantime Miss Stone and her sister had moved to Tacoma, and last May, Mrs. Gavin came west to pay her a visit.

"Leroy Stone had in the meantime gone to Sequim, on the Olympic peninsula, and learning that the sweetheart of his childhood days was in Tacoma, invited his aunt and her guest to visit him. The invitation was accepted, and at Sequim the romance of many years ago was renewed, and Mrs. Gavin plighted again her troth to the lover of her girlhood. Mr. and Mrs. Stone will make their home at Sequim.

"The Rev. Mr. Marhoff, who performed the ceremony, was formerly a resident of Michigan, and an old friend of both families in the East."

Mrs. Emma Gavin, formerly Miss Emma Lewis, married John Gavin, a cigar maker. He lived only a few years, and after his death, the widow accepted a position as housekeeper for William Jones, when he conducted the Windsor hotel. When Mr. Jones disposed of the hotel, Mrs. Gavin went to the Jones home to live. She remained there for a time and then left Rushville.

ABOUT 5000 SCHOOL KIDS

Division of Dog Tax Fund Shows There are 4791.

There are 4,791 school children in Rush county, according to the auditor who based the amounts from the dog tax fund which should go to each township tuition fund. The number of school children in each township is as follows: Ripley, 500; Posey, 376; Walker, 323; Orange, 248; Anderson, 380; Rushville, 1542; Jackson, 153; Center, 269; Washington, 217; Union, 303; Noble, 299, and Richland, 181.

FALL HEIRS TO ENGLISH FORTUNE

St. Paul Men, Relatives of Local People, Receive Word of Aunt's Death in Manchester.

EACH ONE WILL GET \$5,000

This is not a dream fudge that is about to be rehearsed, so it is asserted by the parties who are benefited, but a story of real life in which a prominent St. Paul citizen, a relative of two local persons, falls heir to a fortune in England. George Wright, Sr., of St. Paul is the fortunate one. He has just received word that his aunt, Miss Catherine Gould, is dead, and in the settlement of her estate, her heirs, one of which he is fortunate enough to be, will receive \$5,000 each.

Miss Gould was a resident of Manchester, England and expired last August. She passed the century mark on her birthday in December preceding the time of her death. She lived with another maiden sister who is now past eighty years of age. She amassed a fortune during her life time. Other heirs in this vicinity who will be benefited besides Mr. Wright are Mrs. J. T. Cuseaden and Charles S. Wright of St. Paul, father of Everett Wright of this city, and Mrs. Mary E. Manliet, living north of the city.

Excepting that of the pope's the kaiser's mail is the largest of any individual.

OBITUARIES.

The Republican will have to make a charge of one-third of a cent a word for ALL obituaries on account of the high cost of composition. Count all the words and send the cash with the obituary when mailing or same will not receive attention.

RUSHVILLE IS 'WET' ONCE MORE

McCormic and O'Neil Saloons Opened Today Amid Scenes of Festivity.

PLACES ARE CROWDED ALL DAY

Five Bartenders in Each Place Could Scarcely Accommodate Throngs of Men.

Amid scenes of great hilarity two saloons opened in the "wet" district today. The "wet" district is located in Second street, second and third doors east of Morgan street, where Jim McCormic and Tom O'Neil opened up thirst parlors at five o'clock this morning. Both saloons enjoyed a rushing business all day and were crowded most of the time with loafers and others who wished to quench their thirst and suitably celebrate the opening of the "wet" regime after a "dry" period of nearly two years. Drunken men were common on the streets before the day was old, as many found that they could get more than they could carry in a few hours.

Early this morning, when the saloons opened up, there were several men ready for the day. They were enforced by farmers, city laborers and all classes of men before the day passed. The bars in both the McCormic and O'Neil saloons are located near the front of the rooms so that any pedestrian can see the full length of the room with ease.

Five bartenders in each place today could hardly accommodate the unusual demand for booze. The two saloons will be the only ones here before the middle of April as there will be no more licenses granted until then and the two other men who already have licenses will not be able to open their places until summer as their rooms are now filled with other businesses.

The police had strict instructions from Mayor Black today to arrest any drunken men who created any disturbance or made themselves offensive on the streets. The mayor asked that the law be enforced to the letter especially today since it was supposed that the day of the opening would precipitate a general drinking due to the fact that Rushville has been "dry."

Farmers especially were frequenters of the saloons on the opening day. In several instances, well known farmers who have not been in an intoxicated condition for over a year, were drunk today and making themselves obnoxious by their actions. Men in general who were addicted to the use of liquor before the saloons were voted out, were "stewed to the

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Tom J. Geraghty's New York Letter Breathes of Wit

Feeling kind'a blue'o tonight—sort of a lonesomeness for the "no mean city" and her goodly folk—so I take my faithful typewriter in my lap to let you know—

Well, I could tell you a lot of things, if I could spare the time. Just now I am entangled in a labyrinth of thoughts, and don't know where to begin. So I'll just start right here and ramble right along. Just as good a way as any.

Funny thing about bumping into Rushville folks over here. A few Sundays ago for instance, one of a lot of them. I was out looking up some of the girl models who pose in

the "altogether" for the prominent artists, to get from them stories or confessions of mistreatment and ill pay. The models in Philadelphia were out on a strike, and I was to write a semi-humorous story on the condition and sentiment in New York. That hasn't anything to do with what I want to write about, except that it leads to something. Coming out of the Art Students League building, I looked across the street and saw Carl Morris. He had just left a church where he was singing at the afternoon services. Greetings, and all that sort of thing.

Then—well, he had a very dear

friend, a well known woman painter, who lived in a Carnegie studio just around the corner. Around there we went. Were invited (and accepted) to stay for tea. Met several habitués of the studio who drifted in and out, but lo and behold, before a half hour skipped by, in came three other Rushville people. Then the conversation soon was colored with a Rush county atmosphere. As we looked upon some of the canvases, we greeted them with such familiar and trite remarks as, "Oh, there's Fred Capp's lower eighty." "As live, if there isn't the old Frazee farm."

"That's just a fine and dandy pic-

ture of Webb's Ford, isn't it?"

The scenes depicted were Venetian, Long Island and Atlantic seaboard locales, but that did not prevent one from letting the imagination gallop around with unconfined freedom.

I just love to go to teas. They are about as funny as a crutch and pleasant as an hour with Dr. Sparks, when he's hurrying to get to a gun shoot on time. But I have learned to bounce a full cup of tea on my knee like a baby, and can eat peanut sandwiches left-handed. Fine business that, for a husky, regular man. And people here insist on wishing them on you. One has to be able to

throw a couple of cube loaves of sugar like a race-track "swipe" throws dice, to give the right finish and polish to one's demeanor and behavior. I can never make my point with those things.

I covered the Indiana dinner at the Waldorf recently for the Herald, and met oodles of Hoosiers. The Press table was directly under the speaker's table, and I was the only staff man of a newspaper there who knew the words of the "Wabash" when it was sung in unison. Found out that night that the president of the New York Telephone Company is a former Indian, and a lot of people like

that, whom I had never "suspected." The telephone man is worse than a Hoosier—he's from Vevay, Indiana, or some out-of-the-way place like that. I talked with Governor Marshall for a while about our old friend Lieut. Governor Hall, and I promised to see him after the banquet, but had to leave while he was speaking, to catch our first edition with the rest of the story. The Governor smoked a cigarette during the banquet, and I made that the feature of my story. The Sun devoted nearly a half column to that momentous performance. None of the newspaper boys

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New York Letter

By Tom J. Geraghty

Continued from page one.

got any of Marshall's speech, as some fellow imported from Terre Haute, who was allotted fifteen minutes, spoke for nearly an hour. Scott Bone, formerly editor of the Washington Herald, Meredith Nicholson and Col. James B. Curtis were among some of the other speakers.

Scott Bone was getting along famously with his speech, and had a flying start in following someone who spoke about the Wabash and other Indiana rivers, when he hit a snag. He was saying, "I must tell the truth and say that I know little about the Wabash, but there are streams in that dear old State with which I am thoroughly familiar. There is old Flatrock, (that was a thriller for me; Bone came from Shelby county, I believe) there is the Blue River, the White river, and—

Here a reporter from the Sun, and one of the best known wits in New York, and likewise in the country, who was sitting at my side, interrupted Bone with a stage whisper, which was audible for twenty feet in every direction: "Green River, too, Mr. Bone, don't forget your favored brand."

Bone's knees began to shake and his lips trembled. It put the remainder of his speech on the blink. A few members of the Indiana Society have a dinner every month now, and they are mighty pleasant affairs.

One night recently I dropped into Rectors for dinner when I saw Judge Henley sitting at a table alone. I rushed up, extended my hand, and

was invited to sit down.

"Awfully glad to see you, Judge," I said.

He replied that the pleasure was an even break, so I settled back for a good talk.

"You think I am Judge Henley of Chicago," he said, of a sudden.

I smiled blandly (however you do that) and said that I presumed as much. Then to my bewilderment he proceeded to explain that his name was Phillips, and that he never was Judge Henley in all his life.

"You see, I have been taken for him so often in Chicago that I have got used to it. Why, one day a fellow, with whom Henley was associated, took hold of my arm in the Auditorium Annex, and walked clear across the lobby talking railroad business to me, and I thought for a minute that the fellow was crazy."

Here is something I want to inject into this thing with a hope that it might be of some benefit to the rising generation out homeward. I do not want it to be misconstrued as a knock against the clothing or shoe merchants, but the moral of it is directed in line with common sense.

Some time since I went up to Bear Mountain on a story. It is probably the most beautiful place of all the beautiful places along the Hudson river, and is situated a few miles below West Point. Harriman, the late railroad magnate, thought it the ideal spot of America and accordingly bought a large tract of land at that point. The story that I was sent upon was the liberal donation which



wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Mrs. Harriman made to the States of New York and New Jersey. I was there to see her pass over a check for one million dollars and deeds for all the property, the two States agreeing to spend four or five million dollars in building a public park and boulevard extending along the majestic Hudson for miles, and to a point almost opposite New York City. And by the way, it promises to be the greatest thing of its kind the world has ever seen. Brief ceremonies attended the bestowing of the gifts.

Oh yes, I forgot, a number of other millionaires subscribed from \$100,000 to \$500,000 a piece (probably forty of them) for the projected parkway.

The scene of the passing of the checks and deeds was laid on a plateau up the side of Bear Mountain, overlooking a bend in the Hudson that is beyond description. Besides a detachment of artillery, the party consisted of about twenty prominent persons and the newspaper reporters and photographers. We went up on a special train in charge of the president of the road and were surprised to find a luncheon prepared on our arrival in an old deserted house at the base of the mountain. A retinue of servants from town had preceded us and had the old place looking like a page torn from a summer number of the Ladies Home Journal—one of those "ideal bungalows" one can build for a thousand bones. The party was the most congenial and democratic I ever saw. Everybody laughed, chatted and told stories, and hobnobbed around like fresh converts at a Methodist camp meeting.

Among the members of the little party were Mrs. Harriman, her son and daughter, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Perkins, former Governor Black, and a lot of that clique. Young Harriman is about nineteen or twenty years old, and a fine young fellow, and it is about him whom I wish to speak.

I sat with him at luncheon, and as we wrapped ourselves around swill foodstuffs we talked of commonplace

things. He is one of the richest young men in the country, with a promise of taking up the mantle of his father. I asked him a lot of questions about his life, and how he felt being "Young Harriman," while he in turn, made an equal number of inquiries about my life. After luncheon we walked together up the winding mountain road—most of the party walked—to where the ceremonies were going to be held. Now comes the point I want to drive "clear back home."

Here was a young man just about to give away money and property, in which he had a big share, that amounted to nearly \$1,500,000. He was modest and retiring—not a whole lot unlike Harvey Allen, in the postoffice—but what impressed me most of all was his clothes. He wore a neat, dark gray suit and the common or garden variety of black derby hats. But the corner of his collar had worn a hole in his shirt, and it didn't seem to disturb him in the least, despite the fact it was prominent and conspicuous. Then the strings in his low cuts had broken and were repaired with several conspicuous knots, while both of the heels of his shoes were worn and run over up to the body of the shoe.

It quite struck me when I thought of the occasion, it being the biggest thing in his life so far, and the fact that he was one of the wealthiest young men in the world.

That condition, and similar ones, existing among some of the most prominent and richest men in the country, set me thinking. I felt a blush of shame when I recalled times in my past life when I remained at home on Sundays—especially Easter Sundays—just because I did not have a new suit, hat and shoes. And other times when I felt the pang of embarrassment when walking down the street in front of someone, when I had neglected to have a brace of run down heels on my shoes repaired.

But another thing I have observed; it always pays to dress neatly, and in good taste. True, clothes do not make the man, as some "sage" on dressing has previously remarked, but one can loaf around a swell hotel lobby with better grace and immune from molestation if one is garbed in proper fashion.

Our old friend Jacob Feudner had the right idea for an alien coming to New York, to see the city. Now, I happen to know that Jake has a big wardrobe, and as many good suits as the next. Don't he affect them on Memorial Sunday, when the Redmen march to East Hill, and on other state occasions? But what did he do when he came to this whirlpool of fashion? He donned an old suit which I saw him wear out there at work, when it was not an uncommon thing for him to crawl under an ink dripping press, or wind himself around a greasy type setting machine. He came here, and "meandered" (as he calls it) over nearly every foot of Manhattan, and I'll wager no one ever "suspected" him. That is, nobody ever annoyed him by looking twice at him, for he had all the appearance of a "regular." And he did it, too, with forethought.

If I may proceed just a bit further on this question, allow me to state another fact. Rushville may well be proud of her well dressed men (and women.) Not only the town boys and men dress well, but the farmer boys are as much up-to-date out there, as the so-called dapper and smartly attired dandies of Fifth avenue. Dora Betker dropped over here, for instance, and fell right in with the well dressed bunch without spoiling or changing the general color scheme. And Denning Havens—well, he looked like he just stepped off a boat from London. I am always proud to introduce a Rushville fellow around, for they dissipate, in a measure, the erroneous idea which some of the hide-bound and narrow minded easterners have of the west and middlewest.

We are having a lot of fun over politics, same as you in Indiana. I have been through two political campaigns now, and both of them were filled with dynamite. Roosevelt was a big local figure in the last State election, and of course a majority of the Republicans here attribute their defeat to him. I was out with him several nights in whirlwind tours of the city, and he sure does trot a merry gait. Rushing from one place to another in a big automobile he stormed New York like one of those old fashioned medicine fakers that

used to come to Rushville when I was a kid, and drum up a crowd at the northwest corner of the courthouse hitchrack. I can't say that I admire Teddy after "getting him" at close range. He is long on the spectacular and hipprodriving sort of thing. When he would dash through the streets the chauffeur would have to keep the husky auto horn barking, so the populace and rabble would know of the Mighty Lion Hunters' presence in their midst. And the machine was always run at top speed, like an ambulance making a life and death run to a hospital. Dropping toward politics has buried Roosevelt for all time, I believe.

I think the coming man in the east is Martin W. Littleton. He has just quit a law practice which was bringing him a fortune annually, and gone into politics in earnest. He was elected to Congress, as you know, in Roosevelt's own district, down in Long Island, by overcoming a popularity that ran up to something like 10,000. Littleton has the log cabin birth, and all that Lincoln stuff, with innumerable early struggles, which so often appeal to voters.

His wife, a charming and pretty little woman, got out and made a personal canvas for votes for her husband last fall, and was largely responsible for his election. She goes in the upper 400 set here, but she put away all social life and worked like a Trojan during the entire campaign. I went with her in an automobile on a two day's trip through Long Island and wrote a feature story of her work. It was a most delightful assignment, for the entire tour was interesting—every minute of it. She stopped at farm houses and in stores (and even made a canvas in every saloon and roadhouse we came to) passing out literature, tacking up pictures of her husband, and distributing hand shakes of the hearty Jim Watson brand. And she always left them laughing and talking when she said good-bye.

When we would come to a little town, I would "hold" the automobile, while Mrs. Littleton made a speech. She is such a beautiful woman, and strange to say common sense and a high grade of cleverness combined with that beauty, that she simply had everybody "crazy." She wrote a little book about her husband's life and I believe she put one in fifty per cent of the homes in that district. It was an interesting little volume and had her touch in every line. At Oyster Bay she bearded the Lion Hunter in his lair, calling on Roosevelt (whom she knew very well) and asked him to vote for "Martin." On the south shore the fishermen and oystermen got up a big rally and parade for her the night of the first day out—and "we" rode at the front of the procession. I kept bowing and tipping my hat right and left—I don't know who they thought I was—and before I knew it I felt like I was run-

ning for office, and the enthusiastic ovation was for me.

I was down to Port Washington, where the Littletons live, two or three weeks ago, to take lunch at the Manhasset Yacht Club. Late in the afternoon I phoned Mrs. Littleton and she promptly invited me over for dinner that night. As eating is

Continued on page three.

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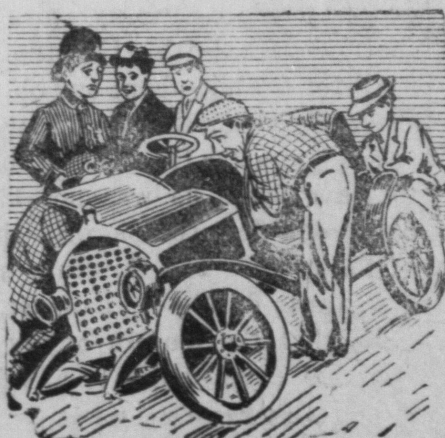
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If it does not put life and luster into the hair and causes it to grow abundantly you can have your money back from F. B. Johnson & Co.

"I cannot say enough in its favor. Two years ago I lost all my hair, I saw Parisian Sage advertised and thought I would try it. Before I had finished using the first bottle my hair had stopped falling and my head was covered with new hair; also removed all dandruff, and today I have a lovely head of hair.

I think Parisian Sage the best hair restorer and dandruff cure in the world today. It also makes the hair clean, fluffy, and silky, and I would recommend it to every one who wishes a hair restorer and beautifier."

Miss Mary E. Dickson, 287 South Ave., Bridgeton, N. J., 1910.

For men, women and children, there is no hair preparation that equals Parisian Sage; it never disappoints; it does just what the American makers advertise it to do. It banishes dandruff, kills the dandruff germ, stops falling hair or scalp itch, or money back. Sold by F. B. Johnson & Co., and druggists everywhere. Large bottle 50 cents.



INCREASED DEMAND FOR AUTO DRIVERS is assured by the unusual sale of cars at the spring auto shows throughout the country. Pleasant work, under agreeable employers, with chances to travel. Chauffeurs earn from \$60 to \$125 or more a month. Our next five weeks' auto course finishes about the time spring auto orders are filled. Write for folder. Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, 888 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New York Letter

By Tom J. Geraghty

Continued from page two.

one of the best things I do, I was on the job with my hands cramped into position to clutch a knife and fork, when the dinner bell rang. There was a bunch of young people down from the city—there always is at their home, I understand—and I was fortunate in striking a merry party. Since Mrs. Littleton has gone into politics she is as much in demand as her husband. Everybody, from Coney Island Bartenders' Union No. 8 to the Riverhead Golf Club, insist on having her present at their functions—and there are many. During the course of conversation, around a big open fireplace after dinner, somebody invited her to lunch at the Waldorf one day of the following week. She called in her social secretary to learn if the day was open. It developed then that she had accepted an invitation for that particular night to lead the grand march at a dance given by the Plumbers Union in Douglaston.

"Indeed, I am going to lead the march on the arm of the president of the union," she said.

Then of course some snob made a

slighting remark about the affair, but Mrs. Littleton hastened to the defense of the plumbers.

"Why, the plumbers are the aristocrats of artisans, she replied, "and I am proud to think that they honored me for first place at their biggest function of the season."

"You are right," returned a yellow mustached Yankee, who affected a London air which carried a deal of pain with it, "don't you know, we had one of those fellows up to our house the other day to thaw out some frozen pipes and the blamed sounder charged us as much as twenty dollars. They will be millionaires soon, I'm thinking."

Then quick as a flash, Mrs. Littleton came with a sharp retort.

"Oh, that's nothing at all. We got more money than that out of one Thaw."

This thunderbolt into repartee disarmed her opponents and after a hearty laugh, conversation was directed along another course. You remember, of course, that Martin W. Littleton, was one of the leading attorneys employed by Harry K. Thaw to defend him after he killed Stanford White. It was just such little remarks as this that Mrs. Littleton scattered over Long Island during the campaign, and she had the islanders up and shouting for her.

(No gentle reader, she is not a suffragist, and she has no sympathy in common with them.)

President Taft invited her to be a member of his party that went on a special train to Springfield, Ill., on Lincoln's birthday anniversary, but she declined on account of a Sunday meeting she had arranged for the laboring men in Port Washington that day. She had Samuel Gompers there and introduced him before the meeting. Just keep an eye on the Littletons.

This village is still gossiping about the disappearance of Dorothy Arnold.

old. You know, folks just talk, and you can't keep them from it. Although I never lost her, I had to go out and search for her for three days and three nights. We got a tip in the office one night about twelve o'clock that she had been found in the home of a girl friend in Philadelphia, and that her brother had eluded the reporters and detectives in Philadelphia and was bringing her home in a big automobile. They sent me up to her father's house—in millionaire row—to wait until the party arrived, with instructions to have a talk with her at all hazards. Gee, but it was an awful night. I stood around in the rain for five or ten minutes, then got desperate and aroused the servants in the Arnold home. I insisted on seeing Mr. Arnold, saying I knew his daughter was coming home, and I "must" have a talk with him. Finally he came down into the library and I was shown in. I made an awfully strong appeal to him to let me stay there all night. (Small favor to ask, I know, but my rain coat was like a sponge and I was not stuck on the free and open a night like that.)

He declined my "invitation," so after getting an interview from him I beat it for the pavement. There wasn't a place around I could find shelter. (Fact is, it was the first time since I've been here that I was really subjected to an inhuman assignment.) Away down the street I saw a light burning in the window of a garage and cab stable. I went down there and asked them to rent me a cab without a horse (I told them I would pull it out myself) as I wanted it for the rest of the night. I know they thought I was crazy, but I was very much in earnest. I intended dragging it up the street, across from the Arnold house, where I could keep up my vigil in comfort and smoke cigars. But the cab people thought it was some sort of a fake game I was putting up and refused to accommodate me. When I got back to the house I was surprised to see a dapper young man come dashing down the front steps. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. I hailed him, and almost frightened the life out of him. As we walked along together in the rain, I asked him who he was, and what he was doing in the Arnold house, and where he was going. He gave evasive answers that were not satisfying in the least. Then I finally concluded he must be a newspaper man, and that he too, had the Philadelphia tip. I asked him if he was a reporter. He said yes, and we fell to talking about the Arnold case. When I asked him what paper he was on, he replied that he worked on a Philadelphia paper.

We walked along for about five blocks exchanging ideas about the Arnold case and I told him what I thought had happened, and he was equally as free with his opinions. Finally he drew up in front of a big house, took me by the hand, and said:

"Well, old boy, you've got a good story I guess, I'm John W. Arnold, a brother of Dorothy's."

Then he gave me his card. I stood almost dazed for a minute, as a hundred things we had talked about flew through my mind in an instant. He started up the steps two at a time, but I regained composure soon enough to follow him, shouting all the time for him to "wait a minute." Then I learned all about the Philadelphia incident, and he also told me of whipping Griscom in Florence, Italy, a few weeks before. I had to hurry to a telephone then to get the story for the last edition—the city edition, which goes to press at 3:30 o'clock a. m.

Spent most of last week in the Supreme Court, working on the \$100,000 breach of promise suit which Miss Anna Berthe Grunspan instituted against William English Walling. Walling is a nephew of "our own" Capt. "Bill" English, of Indianapolis. After the sessions each day and during the recesses, I had many interesting little chats with Walling. He told many stories of "Uncle" Bill, and a number of Indianapolis people whom he knew. It is always good to meet one from the old home State.

Walling is a millionaire Socialist and has had a striking career. After he was graduated from college he came to New York and lived down on the east side doing settlement work among the poor. After that he spent a great deal of time in Paris. It was there that he met the Grunspan girl, who by the way, is "considerable girl." She is a

Russian-Jewess, brought up in Paris, and possesses all the charms and characteristics which make the typical Parisian the most attractive of the fair sex in the old world.

It seemed rather odd to hear Walling narrate on the stand, first regarding some incidents in Indiana, and the next few minutes about the underworld of Paris, St. Petersburg and Warsaw. That's a far cry, as the cheap story writers pen. The girl had the case practically won the first few days of the trial, but during the last two days (and after the newspapers had published photographs and sketches of her) quite a few witnesses volunteered testimony which sent the fair plaintiff's chances bally-west-and-crooked. It developed that she was a girl of the street here in New York, after her relations with Walling (and a little before), and was known among her ilk as "Frenchy." That clamped the ki-bosh lid.

If anyone was to pin me down and demand to know what I considered the most impressive and interesting thing in New York, I believe I would be obliged to answer that it was the incoming and outgoing of ocean liners, especially the monster boats that now steam into this harbor. We have a regular staff of ship news reporters and it is seldom that any of the office staff men ever get a whack at those stories. Only when big stories of exceedingly high news value and human interest break do we get assignments. So, the sea and the ships still hold a great charm over me "Broadway Cruisers." However, every once in a while I dig up an excuse to saunter over to get a delightful breath of exhilarating (I got the word off a coca cola urn in Fred Johnson's drug store) sea breeze. I had some friends leaving on the Lusitania (one of the biggest boats afloat) last week, and with another friend went down to see them off. I worked late the night before, and as is the custom with many about to take their leave for Europe, we spent the night (or what was left of it) in a Broadway restaurant. There a vaudeville show is always in progress until the breakfast bell rings, and the forms of day workers pass by the door in the light of the sun's first peep—a yellow, sickly looking light (if you have been up all night) but a glorious, brilliant, heaven-sent, golden ray, if one has had a good night's rest and vigorously steps high in the crisp morning air.

We took taxicabs to reach the pier where the giant of the sea was lying silently in her slip, almost wearing an anxious look with her nose pointed toward Europe, awaiting her plunge on the main. We went abroad and mingled with the crowd. And such a crowd. I don't think I ever had a thrill in my life to equal the one I experienced there, unless it was circus day when I was a boy, or the time I saw my first big production show, "Superba" in an Indianapolis theater.

A band was playing on the dock and another on board the boat seemed intent on drowning out the blare of their brother. People were rushing here, there and everywhere on shipboard, while the hoi-polloi stood fifty deep on the pier, dancing, shouting wildly gesticulating, rocking to and fro, and displaying every emotion in the human catalogue. I was so carried away with the situation that when I went on board I got aboard an elevator and rode up and down several times in the elevator that plied between the upper deck and the sub cellar—the hold, they called it.

Most everybody had brought along fruit or flowers to the outgoing passengers, and falling in line I handed one of the fellows we were seeing off, a lemon. (Don't sneer, for they are invincible in case of sea sickness.)

Altogether it was a delightful sight. When the big ship moved out of the slip into the Hudson river and turned around, with its bow toward Sandy Hook, I felt like I was bidding good-bye to an old friend whom I would never see again. It was a majestic looking spectacle, that great steamship in midstream. The decks were crowded on the New York side and the passengers were still giving the Chautauqua salute. We went aboard our yacht, the steam Owllet, operated by the New York Herald, and sailed down the bay with the outgoing ship. We were the last Americans they saw, and they acted like it, too. If I had been closer I really believe I could have borrowed

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



Free to You and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments.

I am a woman, I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Uterine Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors, or Growths; also pains in head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, mischievous desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney, and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten day's treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you like it, I will send you my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all old or young. In Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young Ladies, Plumpness and health always results from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H

Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

money from any of them. The Herald is the only newspaper that keeps a yacht and all the seagoing people warm to us for that reason. We fooled along until we met an incoming steamship, the Carmania, then we escorted her to her dock. We went on board before the custom men were allowed to, and told the passengers the latest gossip about the States. Had breakfast again in the main dining room on the Carmania, some foreign cigarettes, a few souvenirs. Then we took to our yacht again and steamed away for the battery. With me were "Jack" Dolan Meador and Luther Anderson Reed, two well known war correspondents, who have seen service in South America, South Africa, Chicago, Missouri and Wisconsin. The chef on the owllet prepared our luncheon, but as we were within a few feet of dry land we prepared to decamp and had a meal at the nearest decent restaurant. Then we went back to the yacht and repaired to state rooms, where we took berths for a few hours rest before returning to work. When we woke up we were away down the coast line and had to take a train and subway back to town.

Meet a lot of well known Indiana people at the monthly dinner of the Indiana Society which is given in the Cumberland Hotel. May write you later about one of these gatherings. They are mighty good for a lonesome soul, and genuine blue chasers. Hoosiers hang together here as close as Osgood people do out there—clanish as all get-out.

While my life here now brings me in close contact with many interesting people, situations and conditions, still when I walk out into this delightful spring weather we are having

the balmy air makes me step sprightly in thoughts of pastures green, sad faced cows standing in silvery streams—the inevitable call of the wild. For the moment I long to be back in Rush county where I might stroll leasurly along the picturesque banks of the classic Flatrock; greet my neighbors and friends whom I would meet along the highway; hear the songs of birds and in the distance the almost bray of Dagler's mule, and in short mingle my eyebrows with nature, and hold long communion with her. I say I long to be back "where I might" do these things. Fact is, I wouldn't do them if I was there. I never did. Funny how we juggle our point of view, isn't it. "Distance lends enchantment" they say—or something like that. That's right. For when I take a second and close invoice and get down to cases with myself, I know if I were back in that dear old home town, I wouldn't hear a bird sing or get a solitary whiff of the spring fragrance. Chances are I would be loafing around the traction station, or in front of a moving picture theatre, or sitting on a store box, or hanging out in a cigar store or lounging in the Windsor Hotel, or stand on the court house square corner, or stalling around the postoffice—or somewhere else.

I always did like JUST people better than scenery. Bye, bye.

A Mother's Safeguard.

Foley's Honey and Tar for the children. Is best and safest for all coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough and bronchitis. No opiates. F. B. Johnson & Co.

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

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Dandruff, eczema, Cuban itch, or any other skin trouble quickly disappears when you go after it with Plex, "the quick-healing salve." Stops the itching in a hurry. A big box of Plex costs only 10 cents, but if you want quick and positive results, forget the low price, and try it. Plex does the work where costly alcoholic remedies have failed.

Plex is a wonder-working, penetrating ointment. It destroys germs, cleans and heals quicker than anything else you ever heard of. Has a hundred uses in every home. One application cures itching piles. Instant relief and inexpensive cure for catarrh. A few applications cure itching, sweaty feet and remove corns. Fine for croup or sore throat. Unequaled for burns, cuts, etc.

Plex (10c) is the biggest household bargain you were ever offered. Your druggist has it, or can easily get it for you.

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PAINTING

Let us furnish you an estimate on ANY AND ALL KINDS OF PAINTING. We employ the BEST PAINTERS IN THE CITY.

WE ARE NOT IN THE RETAIL PAINT BUSINESS and therefore have NO CHEAP ADULTERATED PAINTS TO OFFER YOU.

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Seven Decades of Cures

These are the pills that kept your grandparents well and helped largely to make your parents the wholesome, healthy folks they are. They will keep you free from biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, giddiness, malaria, heartburn, flatulence, jaundice, etc. Wholly vegetable—absolutely harmless—plain or sugar-coated—sold everywhere—25c. Send a postal today for our free book and prescribe for yourself.

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Established 1859

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Our display of monuments this year excels all former efforts. We can give you expert advice on all subjects relating to monumental work. If you are interested come and see us and secure a bargain at our works.

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The Imported Stallion Sadok

54900

Sadok weighs 1900 pounds, was imported in 1906 and is the horse formerly owned by the Glenwood Horse Co.

In breeding to Sadok you are breeding to a horse that is tried as anyone from the East side of Rush County will tell you he is a great breeder and sure foal getter.

Sadok will make the season of 1911 at the Cross barn, east of Pinnell-Tompkins lumber yard at \$15.00 for colt. For further information call on or address. Glen Miller at Grand Hotel office or barn.

FRED HILLIGOSS, Owner

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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J. FEUDNER, Editor.
ROY E. HAROLD, News Editor. ALLEN C. HINER, City Editor.

Saturday, March 18, 1911.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN
ADVERTISING BY THE

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
GENERAL OFFICES
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
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War and Peace.

In all the mystery governing the Mexican situation, concerning which our State department undoubtedly has information not accessible to the yellow editors, one fact remains clear, that the American people would be very much averse to any actual hostilities. It is a veritable tinder box of a situation. Here are hundreds of adventurous Americans committing seditious acts against a government with which we have had long relations of friendship. As soon as they get into trouble, their friends besiege Washington to get them released at any price.

And there are the millions of American money exposed in the shape of easily wrecked property, located in turbulent and hostile cities, with Wall street wanting to know what it pays taxes for.

An army separated from this hornet's nest by only a river is a dangerous plaything. Fortunately our president is a man who sleeps at least one night before he makes an important decision.

While it is true beyond a doubt that Indiana is sorely in need of a new and up-to-date constitution and while some of the points of the Governor Marshall concoction are all right, it is also equally true that there are several subjects in just as much need of attention that get not a word. Furthermore, it seems evident that the scheme is to get a constitution adopted which contains some good points and in this way head off action on others which Mr. Marshall and his friends are not desirous of seeing get attention. The people should rule and having a change to propose, to discuss and to vote on what they want are equally important in their ruling. Mr. Marshall would restrict them to a discussion of only what he proposes. When Indiana votes the Hoosier ballot will show the Whitley county product that it cannot be dictated to by a governor and his select coterie.

A Mexican insurrecto says he will order his men to fire if Americans cross the border, and adds that "It will be a quick way to end the matter," which is undoubtedly true as far as that particular insurrecto command is concerned.

"No smoking here," was the sign posted in a woman's cloak room at a recent society function at Washington. Women smokers, however, would not be likely to smoke where they could not be seen.

For once the yellow press is not claiming the direction of national affairs. In the movement to the Rio Grande the War department got there first.

Magazine disparagers of the regular army of the United States have dropped the subject on the score of celerity of movement.

No one seems to know just why the army was called to Texas, but it would not look well to have a balance of that \$95,440,567 army appropriation remain unspent.

The strong anti-American feeling in Mexico is perhaps explained by the fact that the railroads built by our capital never allowed the Mexicans to ride free.

Mexican insurrectos have ceased to count on the border of the United States as their base of operations, Uncle Sam is a stickler for neutrality and will keep the upper hand there in shooting irons.

Russia wants to go over into China to fight the plague. Few people say anything about the fruit trees when they ask to be helped over the garden wall.

Some of the sailors who went round the world are losing no time in re-enlisting for observations in the broad and becoming Southwest.

Only 18 babies born in fashionable Fifth avenue in two years, but this is where the poodle dog is the joy of the home.

EDITORIALETTES.

Which means that the city marshal and policeman might have a raise in salary or a few assistants for the opening day of the "wet" period.

We take it that everyone who started in this morning to drown their trouble will probably be sucked under the current before night.

They say that the coal bin is a sorry looking sight these days.

We would not take it that such a little thing as that which Mr. Titsworth referred to here would offend the New Castle prosecutor after he had swallowed all the New Castle Courier has accused him of doing.

There has been a lot of piffle written about this poor little month, but so far we have failed to find anything about the marching on New Mexico.

Even if "Alex" Williams is not going to let his Jersey City friends in on the dried pawpaw juice graft he might have not kept it a secret so long anyway.

Which leads us to believe that "His 'oner the Mayor" will probably add pawpaws to his vegetable wagon menu.

They say that promoters can't understand why a man who finances a big undertaking should think that he owns the thing.

The New Castle Courier says that according to the news from Marion, Rushville and Kokomo, it doesn't do much good for a city to go wet after all.

Do you think you can recall where you secreted the fishing paraphernalia last year and where the best place to dig bait is to be found?

Rushville man is sprinting each evening to gain wind and prepare for the worst if Uncle Sam decides to draft any men.

Mexican revolutionist heard the same bullet twice if that be possible—the first time when the bullet passed him and the second time when he passed the bullet.

Private Money to Loan.

on farm land. Sparks & Gary. Rushville. D4&7—W21-24

Public Sale.

We will sell at public auction at the U. P. church in Richland on Tuesday, March 21, at 2 p. m. the following property: Organ, Bookcase, Carpet, Pulpit, Chairs, etc. Terms cash. By order of Trustees. 314

Are Your Clothes Faded?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2oz. package, 5 cents.

Best by Test, Fair Promise 5c Cigar. To be continued by the Ford agency.

WILL ENTERTAIN MEN ON SPECIAL

Corn Experts Who Will be Here on Improvement Train Will be William Alexander's Guests.

WILL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE

The corn improvement lecture train which will be run over the L. E. & W. railroad March 21 to March 25, inclusive, will arrive in Rushville on Thursday evening, March 23, from Portland, Delaware county, where a lecture will be given about four o'clock in the afternoon. The train will come here to spend the night and will leave Friday morning for Sexton and other points on the L. E. & W. between here and New Castle. The lecture will be given here early Friday morning before the train leaves for the first stop after leaving Rushville, which will be at Sexton. The train will leave here at 8:15 that morning and it is supposed that the lecture will be started shortly before eight o'clock. The Purdue professors and other corn experts from the Purdue University experiment station, who will be on the train, will be entertained at six o'clock dinner by William Alexander, Jr., at his beautiful country home, northwest of the city. He is acquainted with all of the men in charge.

RUSHVILLE IS 'WET' ONCE MORE

(Continued from Page One.)

guards" today and back in their old time rut. Those sights were very common to the person who would observe.

One farmer, who was at one time a frequenter of the saloons, was back in the city today, imbibing freely. About noon he had about all aboard that he could carry with ease and was beginning to feel hilarious. He accosted a policeman and asked, "Are you ready for me yet?"

"No," replied the policeman, "but I expect I will get you before night."

John King was in the height of his glory today and persisted in visiting the saloons. The police warned him several times to stay out and not attempt to buy liquor. He was finally ejected by the police from one of the places.

Jack Crush, a familiar sight on the streets in the days before the first local option election, was back in Rushville today. He was enjoying himself immensely, staggering about the streets and shaking hands with his old friends.

The average cost of air travel is \$15 a mile, it is calculated by Bleriot, as against cent a mile by trolley, 2 cents a mile by railroad train and 25 cents a mile by high power automobiles.

Our Ten Commandments.

- Rule 1. Don't Lie—it wastes our time and yours. We'll sure find out in the end. Buy a Ford Car and you won't have to lie about your tire expense.
- Rule 2. Do not Steal an automobile when you can buy a Model T Ford Tuxing Car for \$780. It's cheaper to buy.
- Rule 3. "Don't buy a Ford Car because it is cheap, but because it is the best." Henry Ford.
- Rule 4. Ford Cars have proven themselves to wear better than any of them, because of the superior workmanship and material used in their construction. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."
- Rule 5. Vanadium steel is used in all axles and spindles, crankshaft and springs, is heat treated and does not crystallize. Wheels will not drop off when given the last strain. Remember the injunction, "Thou shalt not kill."

I. & C. CARS IN BAD COLLISION

(Continued from Page One.)

the near disaster were breathless when they saw the crash. They were even more surprised when they saw James Anderson, motorman on the passenger, crawl out from under the debris, unscratched and uninjured. Harry Sparks, the conductor on the freight was not hurt. The freight cars were heavily loaded which really made the crash more terrible.

It was reported, when the car which arrived here from Fountaintown at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, that Motorman John Stump had received fatal injuries when he leaped from the car and was dying, when he was removed to Fountaintown.

The wreckage was cleared away in less than two hours after the accident. None of the car wheels left the track. The eastbound passenger, which leaves Indianapolis at one o'clock and is due here at 2:45, passed through here at 3:30 o'clock and reported that the track had been cleared before three o'clock.

CLOVER SEED PLANTING

Farmer Says it Should be Done in Dark of Moon.

The dark of the moon this month is from March 20 to 28. This is regarded as the best time of the year for planting clover seed.

"How do you account for it?" a farmer was asked.

"I don't account for it. I just do it," replied the farmer, "as I have found that nine out of ten successful farmers observe the moon's phases in planting crops, experience proving that seeding brings best results when planted in the dark of the moon."

H. A. Kramer's excelsior brand of Hams, Bacon and Shoulders are the best and cheapest. Try them. Home-cured meat.

Stump Blasting.

See me for stump blasting. Have 15 years experience. Leave orders at Hunt's Hardware Store or phone 1340. ALF. TAYLOR.

BELIEVED STRANGER BELONGS TO GANG

Magazine Solicitor Visited Rushville Yesterday and Was Suspicioned by People He Called On.

RECALLS LETTER TO POLICE

A man who is believed to be identified with the crowd of swindlers against whom the residents of Rushville were warned in a letter from the Periodical Publishers' Association to City Marshal Jesse Harlow, worked here yesterday in a vain attempt, so far as could be learned, to sell magazine subscriptions. The man was short and heavy set and seemed ill at ease, according to the people whom he accosted. He visited several homes in West First street and a few business houses. No one can be found to whom he disclosed his identity or the firm for which he was working. He called at one business house and tried to interest the clerk, but found it useless. The clerk told him that the proprietor of the store would be in in a few minutes and that he might be susceptible to his line of talk, but the mysterious solicitor would not wait. He was always in a hurry, according to all of the people whom he visited and never spent much time attempting to convince them that they should buy.

If you want a really first-class floor finish, try our Floor-Lac. Oneal Bros. 306126

PROTECT YOUR CHICKENS

BUY A POWDER THAT IS FRESH AND GET TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY. 15c Pound. 2 Pounds 25c.

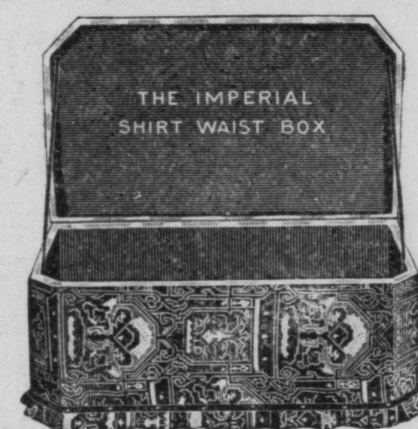
H. & M. Chicken Lice Powder

HARGROVE & MULLIN, Manufacturers.

Cedar Chests

Built throughout of fragrant, southern red cedar, moth proof, dust proof, damp proof.

Protects Furs and Clothing No Camphor Required



A Cedar Wardrobe is the newest creation along this line. We are showing it in our window today. Price, \$15.00

MATTING COVERED BOXES, with and without trays, for skirts and shirt-waists, are very necessary in every bedroom. See our special 34 inch box, for.....\$3.50 A 40 inch box, with tray, costs only.....\$5.00

Investigate Today

Geo. C. Wyatt & Co.

TRY THE

RED KING

5c CIGAR



YOU FINISH YOUR DINNER here with regret that your capacity is limited, even though you have eaten much more than you usually do. There is a piquance to our that good livers declare is better than any tonic. A table for two would give you an opportunity to test the truth of their statements. Shall we hold it for you tomorrow evening?

WHITEHEAD CAFE

EAT

At Conroy's Restaurant and Dairy Lunch Room

Regular Meals, 35c
Lunches of All Kinds,
5c, 10c, 15c and 20c

QUICK SERVICE

The Thurman Electric Vacuum Cleaner

You are Invited

to witness a demonstration of the "Thurman Cleaner" at our store, (tomorrow) Saturday afternoon.

See this wonderful cleaner at work and convince yourself of how valuable it would be for you.

The Thurman is the Best

Geo. C. Wyatt & Co.

Postcards 16 Brand New Local Views, Never Shown in Rushville before. We now have the largest assortment in the city. See Them

Candy We are Giving a Beautiful Art Plaque With a Pound Box 65c of Excelsior Chocolates. This is a new line of goods of high grade. This offer is for a limited time. See them in our window.

F. E. WOLCOTT

Makes Home Baking Easy

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

PERSONAL POINTS

—Mrs. T. W. Lytle visited in Indianapolis today.

—Mrs. Will Havens spent the day in Indianapolis.

—Miss Norma Smith visited in Indianapolis today.

—Miss Sussanna Sexton visited in Indianapolis today.

—Mrs. Lafe G. Hall of Raleigh, accompanied by her son Meredith, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carson at Indianapolis.

—Phil Wilk transacted business in Indianapolis today.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mull visited in Indianapolis today.

—M. E. Newhouse transacted business in Indianapolis today.

—Miss Ruth Aldridge was a visitor in Indianapolis today.

—Thomas Coleman transacted business in Indianapolis today.

—The Misses Pearl and Carrie Kitchen visited in Indianapolis today.

—The Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Sherman of Connersville visited friends here yesterday.

—F. Wilson Kaler, editor of the Andersonville Herald, was here today on business.

—Frank Marshall of Columbus is here to spend the week end as the guest of Miss Cassie Ward in Harrison street.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kennedy have returned to their home in this city after an extended visit in Roswell, N. M.

—John Gray of this city has returned from Columbus, where he went on account of the death of his cousin, H. H. Boyd.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Clark have returned from Columbus where they attended the funeral of their brother-in-law, Harvey H. Boyd.

—Miss Anna Stearns left this morning for an extended visit with Middletown, Ohio, friends, and to attend several social functions to be given in honor of an April bride there.

WELL KNOWN MAN EXPIRED TODAY

William Offutt, 56 Years Old, Dead
After Illness of One Week
From Pneumonia.

BURIAL MONDAY AFTERNOON

William Offutt, 56 years old, a well known resident of this city, died shortly after noon today at his home in East Sixth street, after an illness lasting one week. Mr. Offutt was taken ill last Saturday with a cold, which developed into pneumonia. His death coming as it did, was a great shock to his family and a large circle of friends.

Mr. Offutt had been a resident of this city for the past thirty-five years and was a highly respected citizen. He was one of a family of ten children. The last death in the family occurred ten years ago yesterday at which time his brother died.

Besides a widow he is survived by three daughters and one son, Mrs. Edna Dagler, the Misses Arleigh and Rema, and Paul; also three brothers, the Rev. S. S. Offutt, John S. Offutt of Linton, T. M. Offutt of this city, and two sisters, Mrs. James Hollett and Mrs. Mary Bursott.

The funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at one-thirty o'clock at the residence. Burial will take place in East Hill cemetery.

WANT ADS.

Too Late for Regular Position.

FOR SALE—Bard P. Rock Eggs, \$1.00 per 15, or \$1.50 for 30, from large, well barred birds. Mrs. Geo. Thomas, 324 Perkins St., Rushville. Phone 1609. 5t26

WANTED—Farm hand. Married. Address S. E. Cowan, New Salem, Ind., R. R. 14. Rushville phone. 5t5

SOCIETY NEWS

SOCIAL CALENDAR.

MONDAY.

Coterie club, with Mrs. A. W. Jamieson, in West Seventh street.

Ladies Musicales, with Mrs. Ira Ayres, in North Morgan street.

The program for the regular meeting of the Ladies Musicales which will be held at the home of Mrs. Ira Ayres in North Morgan street Monday afternoon will be in charge of Miss Olive Buell and Miss Alice Norris.

One of the most charming and delightful social events of the year was the St. Patrick's day dance given by the high school girls in the Modern Woodmen hall last evening. Every detail of the function was in perfect accord and the girls and their guests, the young men, enjoyed the evening to their fullest capacity for enjoying. The interior of the hall was tastefully decorated in green and white, every artistic ornament being the work of the high school girls who went to considerable expense and took considerable time in perfecting the decorations. A light luncheon was served during the evening. Paul Williams of Morristown and Ralph Harrold of this city furnished the music.

Among those present were the Misses Dorothy Thomas, Helen Monjar, Alma Green, Harriet Vredenburg, Hanna Morris, Ruth Parrish, Sue Bigham, Fanny Gregg, Rita Readle, Mary Carr, Lily Hurst, Frances Frazee, Wanda Wyatt, Marie Clawson, Nettie Clark, Frances Neutzenhelzer, Helen Scudder, Fanny Winship, Norma Smith, and Messrs. Ernest Norris, Donald Alexander, Louis Lytle, Stanton McBride, Hubert Innis, Cullen Sexton, Scott Buell, Leonce Smith, Walter Capp, Bob Humes, Harry Wyatt, John Frazee, Ben Humes, Tom Hiner, Carl Gunning, Buford Winship, Max Wallace, George Hogsett, Edward Berry, Charles Stiffler, Charles Durrell, Royden Cox, William Beck of Connersville, Russell Perry of Greensburg. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Root and Dr. and Mrs. Lowell Green were the chaperones.

AMUSEMENTS

The Star Grand will have a complete change of program tonight.

The Palace will offer a Biograph film tonight, "The Diamond Star." It is the story of a married couple who separate after a quarrel and are reunited in a most peculiar way. His indifference in his chief fault but by a rather unexpected happening this indifference serves him a good term. The plot is well acted and true to life. Earl Robertson will sing a new illustrated song.

The Vaudet management offers two good films for tonight in the Italia comedy, "Foolshead, Inspector of Hygiene," and the Defender, "Clause in the Will." The comedy is one of a series, several of which have been shown here, in which Foolshead is featured as a man who attends to everyone's business except his own. The situations in all of the pictures seen here have been very humorous. The Defender film is a drama and has to do with a mystery which is not unfolded until the last of the story. The management announces a special vaudeville program for Monday evening. A new illustrated song will be sung this evening.

BUILDING CONDEMNED.

School authorities at Charlottesville have condemned the present building as unsafe and will proceed with the erection of a new one, to be ready next fall.

SAYS WAR WILL SOON END.

Ita, the girl mentalist, who is playing at the Auditorium in Connersville this week, says that the present trouble in Mexico will end soon. Her prediction is that all confusion will cease within three weeks.

Smoke **FAIR PROMISE** 5c Cigars.

WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

Read
Reflect
Resolve

Yesterday is gone.
Tomorrow is always a day ahead.
TODAY is the ONLY TIME TO OPEN THAT SAVINGS ACCOUNT

A Quarter Will Do It

Building Association No. 10
Office with Farmers Trust Co.

Sulky and Gang Plows

all made by the Syracuse Plow Co.

The Best Plow Made on Earth Today

I have sold, up to date, 25 of them. If you are needing a plow that has the best Jointer ever made, will turn under all kinds of trash except stumps and old rails. Sam Young says it is the best he ever plowed with. Rev. V. W. Tevis says Sam Young never plowed a furrow in his life that he knows of. Did you know that Sam had quit lying.

Gang, Sulky and Disc Harrows

For Less Money Than Any Dealer in the City or Any Other Place In Rush County

Heavy and Buggy Harness

Come and leave your order for Heavy Work Harness. Have two of the best Harness men in the city. I have sold more fine Heavy Harness than all the harness shops in the county. I have five sets ordered to be made in the next 30 days. Plenty of chain and pipe Harness on hands at all times. Anything you need. Bring in your old Harness and have them repaired at once.

J. W. TOMPKINS

..Star-Grand..

Complete Change of Program

5c **ADMISSION** 5c

Vaudet Theatre

FILM (ITALIA)
"Foolshead, Inspector of Hygiene"
(DEFENDER)
"Clause in the Will"

A New Song

VAUDEVILLE MONDAY NIGHT

5c **ADMISSION** 5c

Palace Theatre

FILM
"The Diamond Star"
(BIOGRAPH)

A New Song

5c **ADMISSION** 5c

Tailored Hats

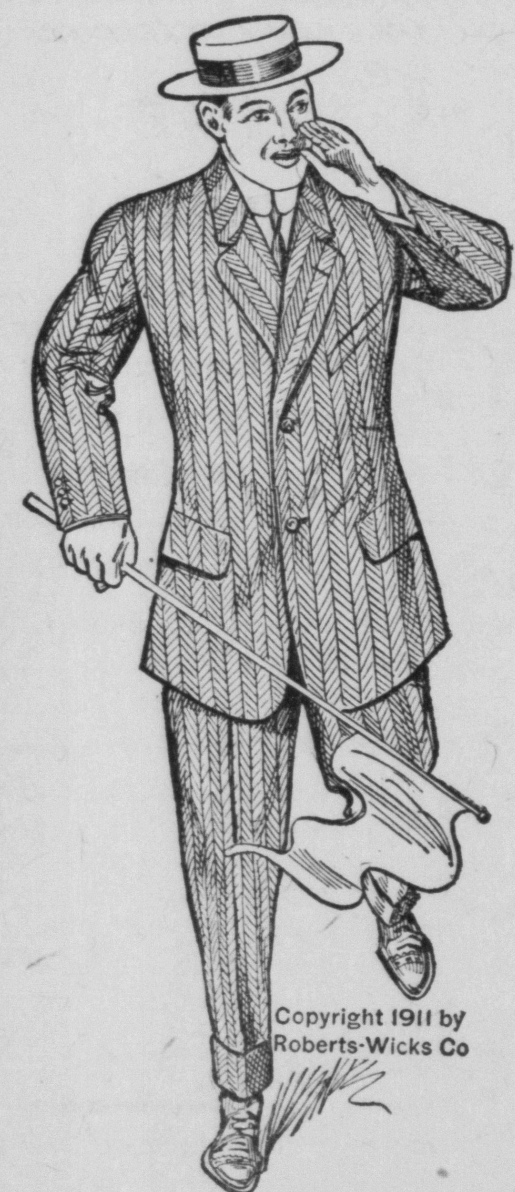
We have on display a fine line of Tailored Hats, among them a fine selection of the **SOFT HATS**, Also have a new line of hair switches. Don't fail to see our

10c Flowers

Miss Ida Dixon

Successor to Tron

EASTER SUITS



We are showing now for the spring, some of the newest patterns and models that the market contains. Our line of

SUITS FOR YOUNG MEN

AT

\$12.50, \$15.00,
\$18.00, and \$20.00

are perfect dreams for the price. This is the strongest line ever shown.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEW GOLD BOND HAT

in both soft and stiff, at
\$2.00

A new hat in return for every hat that does not prove satisfactory.

CALL IN AND LET US SHOW YOU THE NEW THINGS

It Will Cost You Nothing to Look.

W. M. G. MULNO

Successor to Mulno & Guffin, the House with the All-Wool Policy

Spring 1911 Suitings Now Ready

We have a large selection of the latest weaves in the latest colors—brown, grey and blue. It's not too early now to select your spring suit and have it made up in plenty of time for Easter

E. M. Osborne, Tailor

Over Reardon's

Second Street



ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. KETNER

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CHAPTER I.

Miss Isabel Thorne.

All the world rubs elbows in Washington. Outwardly it is merely a city of evasion, of conventionalities, sated with the commonplace pleasures of life, listless, blasé even, and always exquisitely, albeit frigidly, courteous; but beneath the still, suave surface strange currents play at cross purposes, intrigue is endless, and the merciless war of diplomacy goes on unceasingly. Occasionally, only occasionally, a bubble comes to the surface, and when it bursts the echo goes crashing around the earth. Sometimes a dynasty is shaken, a nation trembles, a ministry topples over; but the ripple moves and all is placid again. No man may know all that happens there, for then he would be diplomatic master of the world.

"There is plenty of red blood in Washington," remarked a jesting legislative gray-beard, once upon a time, "but it's always frozen before they put it in circulation. Diplomatic negotiations are conducted in the drawing-room, but long before that the fight is fought down cellar. The diplomats meet at table and there isn't any broken crockery, but you can always tell what the player thinks of the dealer by the way he draws three cards. Everybody is after results; and lots of monarchs of Europe sit up nights polishing their crowns waiting for word from Washington."

So, this is Washington! And here at dinner are the diplomatic representatives of all the nations. That is the British ambassador, that stolid-faced, distinguished-looking, elderly man; and this is the French ambassador, dapper, volatile, plus-correct; here Russia's highest representative wags a huge, blond beard; and yonder is the phlegmatic German ambassador. Scattered around the table, brilliant spectacles of color, are the uniformed envoys of the Orient—the smaller the country the more brilliant the splotch. It is a state dinner, to be followed by a state ball, and they are all present.

The Italian ambassador, Count di Rosini, was trying to interpret a French bon mot into English for the benefit of the dainty, doll-like wife of the Chinese minister—who was educated at Radcliffe—when a servant leaned over him and laid a sealed envelope beside his plate. The count glanced around at the servant, excused himself to Mrs. Quong Li Wi, and opened the envelope. Inside was a single sheet of embassy note paper, and a terse line signed by his secretary:

"A lady is waiting for you here. She says she must see you immediately, on a matter of the greatest importance."

The count read the note twice, with wrinkled brow, then scribbled on it in pencil:

"Impossible to-night. Tell her to call at the embassy to-morrow morning at half-past ten o'clock."

He folded the note, handed it to the servant, and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Wi.

Half an hour later the same servant placed a second sealed envelope beside his plate. Recognizing the superscription, the ambassador impatiently shoved it aside, intending to disregard it. But irritated curiosity finally triumphed, and he opened it. A white card on which was written this command was his reward:

"It is necessary that you come to the embassy at once."

There was no signature. The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman, and just as unmistakably

strange to him. He frowned a little as he stared at it wonderingly, then idly turned the card over. There was no name on the reverse side—only a crest. Evidently the count recognized this, for his impassive face reflected surprise for an instant, and this was followed by a keen, bewildered interest. Finally he arose, made his apologies, and left the room. His automobile was at the door.

"To the embassy," he directed the chauffeur.

And within five minutes he was there. His secretary met him in the hall.

"The lady is waiting in your office," he explained apologetically. "I gave her your message, but she said she must see you and would write you a line herself. I sent it."

"Quite correct," commented the ambassador. "What name did she give?"

"None," was the reply. "She said none was necessary."

The ambassador laid aside hat and coat and entered his office with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. Standing before a window, gazing idly out into the light-spangled night, was a young woman, rather tall and severely gowned in some rich, glistening stuff which fell away sheerly from her splendid bare shoulders. She turned and he found himself looking into a pair of clear, blue-gray eyes, frank enough and yet in their very frankness possessing an alluring, indefinable subtlety. He would not have called her pretty, yet her smile, slight as it was, was singularly charming, and there radiated from her a something—personality, perhaps—which held his glance. He bowed low, and closed the door.

"I am at your service, Madam," he said in a tone of deep respect. "Please pardon my delay in coming to you."

"It is unfortunate that I didn't write the first note," she apologized graciously. "It would at least have saved a little time. You have the card?"

He produced it silently, crest down, and handed it to her. She struck a match, lighted the card, and it crumbled up in her gloved hand. The last tiny scrap found refuge in a silver tray, where she watched it burn to ashes, then she turned to the ambassador with a brilliant smile. He was still standing.

"The dinner isn't over yet?" she inquired.

"No, Madam, not for another hour, perhaps."

"Then there's no harm done," she went on lightly. "The dinner isn't of any consequence, but I should like very much to attend the ball afterward. Can you arrange it for me?"

"I don't know just how I would proceed, Madam," the ambassador objected diffidently. "It would be rather unusual, difficult, I may say, and—"

"But surely you can arrange it some way," she interrupted demurely. "The highest diplomatic representative of a great nation should not find it difficult to arrange so simple a matter as—as this?" She was smiling.

"Pardon me for suggesting it, Madam," the ambassador persisted courteously, "but anything out of the usual attracts attention in Washington. I dare say, from the manner of your appearance to-night, that you would not care to attract attention to yourself."

She regarded him with an enigmatic smile.

"I'm afraid you don't know women, Count," she said slowly, at last. "There's nothing dearer to a woman's heart than to attract attention to herself."

She laughed—a throaty, silvery note that was charming. "And if you hesitate now, then to-morrow—why, to-morrow I am going to ask that you open to me all this Washington world—this brilliant world of diplomatic society. You see what I ask now is simple."

The ambassador was respectfully silent and deeply thoughtful for a time. There was, perhaps, something of resentment struggling within him, and certainly there was an uneasy feeling of rebellion at this attempt to thrust him forward against all precedent.

"Your requests are of so extraordinary a nature that—" he began in courteous protestation.

There was no trace of impatience in the woman's manner; she was still smiling.

"It is necessary that I attend the ball tonight," she explained, "you may imagine how necessary when I say I sailed from Liverpool six days ago, reaching New York at half-past three

o'clock this afternoon; and at half-



The Handwriting Was Unmistakably That of a Woman.

past four I was on my way here. I have been here less than one hour. I came from Liverpool especially that I might be present; and I even dressed on the train so there would be no delay. Now do you see the necessity of it?"

Diplomatic procedure is along well-oiled grooves, and the diplomatist who steps out of the rut for an instant happens upon strange and unexpected obstacles. Knowing this, the ambassador still hesitated. The woman apparently understood.

"I had hoped that this would not be necessary," she remarked, and she produced a small, sealed envelope. "Please read it."

The ambassador received the envelope with uplifted brows, opened it and read what was written on a folded sheet of paper. Some subtle working of his brain brought a sudden change in the expression of his face. There was wonder in it, and amazement, and more than these. Again he bowed low.

"I am at your service, Madam," he repeated. "I shall take pleasure in making any arrangements that are necessary. Again, I beg your pardon."

"And it will not be so very difficult, after all, will it?" she inquired, and she smiled tauntingly.

"It will not be at all difficult, Madam," the ambassador assured her gravely. "I shall take steps at once to have an invitation issued to you for to-night; and to-morrow I shall be pleased to proceed as you may suggest."

She nodded. He folded the note, replaced it in the envelope and returned it to her with another deep bow. She drew her skirts about her and sat down; he stood.

"It will be necessary for your name to appear on the invitation," the ambassador went on to explain. "If you give me your name I'll have my secretary—"

"Oh, yes, my name," she interrupted gaily. "Why, Count, you embarrass me. You know, really, I have no name. Isn't it awkward?"

"I understand perfectly, Madam," responded the count. "I should have said a name."

She meditated a moment.

"Well, say—Miss Thorne—Miss Isabel Thorne," she suggested at last. "That will do very nicely, don't you think?"

"Very nicely, Miss Thorne," and the ambassador bowed again. "Please excuse me a moment, and I'll give my secretary instructions how to proceed. There will be a delay of a few minutes."

He opened the door and went out. For a minute or more Miss Thorne sat perfectly still, gazing at the blank wooden panels, then she rose and went to the window again. In the distance, hazy in the soft night, the dome of the capitol rose mistily; over to the right was the congressional library, and out there where the lights sparkled lay Pennsylvania Avenue, a thread of commerce. Miss Thorne saw it all, and suddenly stretched out her arms with an all-enveloping gesture. She stood so for a minute, then they fell beside her, and she was motionless.

Count di Rosini entered.

"Everything is arranged, Miss Thorne," he announced. "Will you go with me in my automobile, or do you prefer to go alone?"

"I'll go alone, please," she answered after a moment. "I shall be there about eleven."

The ambassador bowed himself out. And so Miss Isabel Thorne came to Washington!

(To be continued.)

Foley Kidney Pills

"Foley's Honey and Tar is the best cough remedy I ever used as it quickly stopped a severe cough that had long troubled me," says J. W. Kuhn, Princeton, Nebr. Just so quickly and surely it acts in all cases of coughs, colds, lagrippe and lung trouble. Refuse substitutes. F. B. Johnson & Co.

H. A. Kramer's excelsior brand of Hams, Bacon and Shoulders are the best and cheapest. Try them. Home-cured meat.

Stump Blasting.

See me for stump blasting. Have 15 years experience. Leave orders at Hayden's Hardware Store or phone 1042. ALF. TAYLOR. 3412

PREACHER GOES AWAY SUDDENLY

Mystery Connected With Absence of Rev. Crane.

INCIDENT OF OPTION FIGHT

Pastor of the Christian Church at Redkey, Who Had Been the Leader of the "Drys," Is Alleged to Have Appeared on the Streets Drunk, Following Which He Disappeared, and "Drys" Charge Conspiracy.

Redkey, Ind., March 18.—In this city the local option fight has taken on a phase which has divided churches, families and long-time friends, and the bitterness is unprecedented. Rev. William Crane, pastor of the Christian church, was the leader of the "drys" until a week ago, when he appeared on the streets drunk and soon after left the city, deserting his family. It is charged by the "drys" that he was drugged by the "wets" and was then advised to leave the city to escape the disgrace of the condition in which they had placed him. Crane had once been a drinking man and once said if he ever took a drink it would prove his complete downfall. What means was used to get him to take a drink is not known, but he appeared on the streets intoxicated and disappeared before he sobered up. He has not since been seen.

SLAIN FROM AMBUSH

Cold-Blooded Murder Stirs the Police at South Bend.

South Bend, Ind., March 18.—Stephen Markovic and Stephen Sanon were ambushed on their way home from town by John and Stephen Horvath, and Markovic was instantly killed. Sanon suffered severe wounds. The murder was the second in twelve hours, John O'Connor having met death in a mysterious saloon brawl. He was found by the police behind a stove with his skull crushed. The murder of Steve Markovic was cold-blooded and the police believe that the assailants also intended to kill the second man, as the four men quarreled at a dance recently. The police arrested John Horvath a half hour after the murder, but the brother has not been arrested.

Those Wolves Cease From Troubling. Muncie, Ind., March 18.—The reign of terror in the suburb of Whitely, following the escape from McCulloch park of three wolves, is at an end. The last of the animals has been killed. One by one the wolves have been "picked off" by farmers and others, against whose chicken roosts and smokehouses the animals have been making depredations.

Editor Succumbs to Injury.

Hammond, Ind., March 18.—A. H. Keeler, aged fifty-seven, editor of the Hobart News, formerly a resident of Belvidere, Ill., is dead at his home in Hobart. Last week, while directing the issue of an extra edition, he was struck on the head by a piece of metal and injured. Typhoid fever set in and death resulted.

Bad Blaze at Mitchell.

Mitchell, Ind., March 18.—The lumber yard, office and hardware store of D. R. Hostetter & Son were destroyed with a loss of \$25,000 and only \$5,000 insurance. The flames spread to the coal office of the Mitchell Coal company, and the ice and cold storage building was burned.

Bit Tongue Off in Fall.

Evansville, Ind., March 18.—Alber Henschelman, seventeen years old, living near here, fell from a wagon. His chin struck the ground violently and his teeth were driven through his tongue, which was severed. His condition is serious.

Hunter's Painful Plight.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., March 18.—Joseph C. Cunningham accidentally shot part of his right foot off while hunting on the Big Miami river. He walked two miles to his home, where he fell exhausted from the loss of blood.

Caught by Streetcar.

Michigan City, Ind., March 18.—Joseph Wagner, aged forty-eight, a farmer, was killed and Frank Sifkowski was fatally injured when their wagon was struck by a streetcar. One horse was killed.

Pennsylvania Brakeman Killed.

Richmond, Ind., March 18.—John Phelps, thirty years old, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company as brakeman, was killed when he was knocked from a car.

Preacher Was Acquitted.

Portland, Ind., March 18.—Acquitted of the charge of shooting with intent to kill, the Rev. R. H. Lewis has been discharged.

Legislature Honors St. Patrick.

Springfield, Ill., March 18.—The Illinois legislature adjourned at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon until Tuesday in honor of St. Patrick's day. The adoption of the resolution in the house followed an outburst of oratory from Representatives Frank J. Ryan and Peter H. Galligan of Chicago.

CHURCH NEWS

+Services to be held at the South Pearl Street Salvation Army church: Preaching Wednesday, Friday and Saturday night at 7:30; Holiness meeting at 10:30 Sunday morning; senior Sunday school at 2 o'clock; open air meeting at 3 o'clock and preaching at 7:30 Sunday evening. Everybody welcome. Captain and Mrs. Enoche are the officers in charge.

+First Church of Christ, Scientist, will have their usual meeting at their room over Poe's jewelry store. Sunday school will be held in the morning at 10 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

+Regular services conducted by Father Cronin at St. Mary's Catholic church Sunday at 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. and Vespers and benediction at 3 p. m.

+The Union Mission Sunday school will meet Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at the Mission church in South Pearl street. After the regular services, the King's Daughters of the United Presbyterian church will relate an interesting biblical story. Each Sunday is devoted to a new story. The public is cordially invited to attend.

+Stephen J. Corey will fill the pulpit at the Main Street Christian church Sunday, both morning and evening.

+The Rev. Kimmelshue, Synodical superintendent of missions, will occupy the pulpit at the United Presbyterian church Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Dr. Jamieson will preach at 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.; Young Peoples Meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to all these meetings.

+The Rev. J. B. Meacham will preach Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian church under the auspices of the Men's Bible class on the subject "Men and the Bible." The evening subject will be "High Cost of Christian Living."

+The Rev. E. J. King will preach both morning and evening at the Ninth Street Baptist church.

+The Rev. E. C. Myers will preach both morning and evening at the First Baptist church. Other services at the usual hour.

+We are pleased to announce that Dr. W. R. Holstead of Terre Haute will preach again at the M. E. church next Sunday both morning and evening. Every member of the church is urged to attend. Everyone is invited.

A Special Medicine For Kidney Ailments.

Many elderly people have found in Foley's Kidney Remedy a quick relief and permanent benefit from kidney and bladder ailments and from annoying urinary irregularities due to advancing years. Isaac N. Regan, Farmer, Mo., says: "Foley's Kidney Remedy effected a complete cure in my case and I want others to know of it." F. B. Johnson & Co.

SKIN AND SCALP TROUBLES YIELD TO ZEMO TREATMENT.

A Clean Liquid Preparation For External Use.

Wolcott's Drug Store is so confident that ZEMO and ZEMO soap used together will rid the skin or scalp of infant or grown person of pimples, blackheads, dandruff, eczema, prickly heat, rashes, hives, ivy poison or any other form of skin or scalp eruption, that they will give your money back if you are not satisfied with the results obtained from the use of ZEMO and the soap.

The first application will give prompt relief and show an improvement and in every instance where used persistently will destroy the germ life, leaving the skin in a clean, healthy condition.

Sold and guaranteed by druggists everywhere and in Rushville by Wolcott's Drug Store.

Let us show you proof of some remarkable cures made by ZEMO and give you a 32 page booklet how to preserve the skin. Wolcott's Drug Store.

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

SUNNY MONDAY

There is not an ounce of rosin in Sunny Monday Laundry Soap. Rosin is used in all other laundry soaps—because it is cheaper than the fats and oils used in Sunny Monday. Sunny Monday costs more to manufacture than any other laundry soap of which we know. It is kind to clothes—will not shrink flannels or woollens, or turn clothes yellow.

Sunny Monday is just as pure as its whiteness indicates; it is the safest and most economical laundry soap you can use.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

NO FOOD OR SHELTER THERE FOR NEGROES

Indiana Town Has Not Had Colored Resident for Years.

Brownstown, Ind., March 18.—By its action yesterday, when four negroes who had come here to work for a contractor left for their homes in Kentucky, this place retains its reputation as being no place for a colored man. The colored men had been here for two days and had found it impossible to get anything to eat or a place to sleep. No one would furnish them meals or would supply them with beds. They slept in a shed on a vacant lot just outside the town limits, and all they could get to eat was what a woman furnished them through charity. She refused to take pay for what she gave them, and advised them to leave because of the intolerant spirit of the whites. There has not been a colored resident here for thirty years. The people do not offer violence, they simply refuse to give food and shelter to colored people.

OUT OF HEALTH

is a common expression. Are you one of the unfortunates, and what is the cause?

There are hundreds of people right in this vicinity who have poor blood, are run-down, all tired out, with no strength, vitality or ambition.

We want to ask all such people to call at our store and get a bottle of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, which is made without oil and very palatable.

We claim it will make pure, rich red blood, and impart new life, energy and strength to every person who does not feel well. If it fails we will return your money—without question. Isn't this a fair and generous offer?

A case is reported from Leipsie, Ind.—Mrs. C. R. Catlin was troubled with indigestion—was weak—all run-down. She says Vinol cured her stomach trouble,—restored her strength,—and made her feel like a new woman. Anyone in her condition can get the same benefit from Vinol.

Vinol. F. B. Johnson & Co., Druggists, Rushville, Ind.

Pays Debt 75 Years Old.

A man 75 years old may not have had occasion to pay a debt, and yet if he finds he is losing his grip he owes it to himself to take Seline Pills, when he knows they are the one thing that will tone him up and prolong his life. Price \$1 a box; six boxes \$5, with full guarantee for any form of nerve weakness in men or women. Address or call Hargrove & Mullin, druggists, where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Foley Kidney Pills

Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. John Adler, Greenfield, Ind., says: "My wife had been down with a severe case of kidney trouble for some time and nothing seemed to help or even give relief until she started taking Foley Kidney Pills. They absolutely cured her and in a very short time. She is pleased to be able to recommend them to anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble as a quick and permanent cure." F. B. Johnson & Co.

Best by Test, Fair Promise 5c Cigar.

AN EASY AND HARMLESS WAY TO DARKEN THE HAIR.

Who does not know of the value of sage and sulphur for keeping the hair dark, soft, glossy and in good condition? As a matter of fact, sulphur is a natural element of hair, and a deficiency of it in the hair is held by many scalp specialists to be connected with loss of color and vitality of the hair. Unquestionably, there is no better remedy for hair and scalp troubles, especially premature grayness, than sage and sulphur, if properly prepared. The Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 Cortlandt St., New York City, put up an ideal preparation of this kind, called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur. It is sold by all leading druggists for 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle, or is sent direct by the manufacturers upon receipt of price.

Hargrove and Mullin, Druggists.

Dale Axworthy

37502

Son of Axworthy 2:15 1/4 (sire of Hamburg Belle 2:01 1/4, world's champion race mare); General Watts (3:06 3/4); Hallworthy 2:05 1/4; Tom Axworthy 2:07; Guy Axworthy 2:08 3/4, and 62 others in standard time); dam Indale, by Allerton 2:09 3/4 (world's leading sire of standard performers); second dam Ellmore 2:08 1/4; by Axtell 2:12; third dam Flora McGregor (great brood mare), by Robert McGregor 2:17 1/4. Sire of Burt Axworthy (2) 2:29 1/4. Fee \$25. For particulars address, CLELL MAPLE, Rushville, Indiana.

GIRLS WANTED

On account of our increased capacity we need at once, 3 girls over 16 years of age for turning and inspecting, and 7 girls for power sewing machines. Steady and clean work. Good pay while learning. Phone 1048 or apply to

RUSHVILLE GLOVE CO.

F. B. Johnson & Co.

Leads in Wall Paper and Paints

**Better Goods Better Prices
Better Mechanics**

F. B. Johnson & Co.

DRUGS, WALL PAPER, PAINTS AND WINDOW SHADES
Free Delivery Phone 1408

SATURDAY'S MARKET

Fine Strawberries, Fancy Oranges, Apples, Grapefruit, Bananas and Pineapples. Leaf Lettuce, Head Lettuce, Radishes, Green Onions, Rhubarb; New Tomatoes, Sweet Mangoes, Cucumbers, Kale, Celery and Sweet Potatoes. Select your Sunday dinner from our stock, and we believe you will come back for your next weeks order

L. L. ALLEN, Grocer
PHONE 1420 N. MAIN ST.

House Cleaning Time is Near

This always means new floor coverings.
We have just received another shipment of

New Rugs and Carpets

are Many Different Designs From Anything Yet Shown

It will pay you to look them over NOW as you will get the pick of the new things, which you will be unable to do later, for the best always goes first.

SMALL RUGS of every size as follows: 18x36, 27x54, 36x63, 30x60 and 36x72.

ROOM RUGS, 8-3x10-6, 9x12, 10-6x13x6, 11-3x12 11-3x15 and 12x15.

A number of new patterns in Linoleums in 2 yd., 2½ yd., 3 yd. and 4 yd. wide.

A big line of new Matting, 15c to 50c a yard.
Fillings for Rugs of all kinds.

Specials for This Week

12 new Patterns of 9x12 Axminster Rugs, \$25.00 grade, choice this week..... **\$18.48**

10 new Patterns Seamless Velvet and Tapestry Rugs, \$22.50 grade, choice..... **\$16.48**

Kennedy & Casady

Agents Pictorial Review Patterns
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Purchase Advertised Articles.

Our Unusual Values

Are a Forecast of the Business We Expect to Do This Season

MANY PERSONS HAVE ALREADY BOUGHT THEIR SPRING PAPERS,

Now is the time to make your selection while our stock is complete. **WE GUARANTEE OUR MECHANICS. WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK. WE GUARANTEE OUR HIGH GRADE MIXED PAINTS.**

**Best Goods for the Least Money
We Solicit Your Patronage**

The G. P. McCarty Co.

Wall Paper and Paint Store
Free Delivery Phone 1572

RICHMOND EASY FOR THE LOCALS

Rushville Defeats Quakers by Large Margin—Final Score is 43 to 17.

INGS BEATS NEW SALEM

Visitors Are Never Dangerous During Entire Game And Are Completely Outplayed.

In a game which was never in doubt as to the winner, the local high school basketball team defeated Richmond last night, 43 to 17. Rushville clearly outplayed their opponents and were able to score almost at will. The game was much faster than the score would indicate and was comparatively clean, Richmond being the greatest offender.

The locals started off with a rush and before the first half was well under way had scored enough points to give them a good lead. With the 30 to 29 defeat handed, then a few weeks ago, the Rushville five was out for revenge and set the pace which Richmond could not stand. The locals caged baskets at all angles and their team work was almost perfect.

Richmond was kept on the defensive all the time and seemed to be bewildered by the sensational playing of the Rushville team. The first half ended, 22 to 5, with the Quaker City lads completely beaten.

Not content with the lead they held, the locals came back in the second half and played all the harder. During this period, Kirkpatrick, forward for Rushville, threw several baskets of the sensational order and at all times covered the floor in a remarkable manner. Bebout registered eleven points from free throws and certainly took advantage of the penalties handed Richmond.

In this half, Richmond took a brace and for a short time threatened to even the score up somewhat. For them, Myers played the best game scoring in all six field goals and one foul. The two teams lined up as follows: Richmond, Barnes and Loring, forwards; Howver, center; Myer and Shetmen, guards. Rushville, Kirkpatrick and Cameron, forwards; Bebout, center; Carroll and Petry, guards. Field goals, Barnes, 2, Myer, 6, Kirkpatrick, 7, Cameron, 4, Bebout 5. Foul goals, Bebout 11, Myer, 1.

In the curtain raiser the Gings team defeated New Salem, 11 to 2. Both teams showed the lack of practice and before it was over, became a joke. During the entire contest New Salem failed to score a field goal. The first half ended with Gings in the lead by a 2 to 1 margin.

AGED RESIDENT OF CARTHAGE DEAD

Mrs. Emilie J. Newlin, 68 Years Old, Passed Away This Morning After Week's Illness.

BURIAL MONDAY MORNING

Mrs. Emilie J. Newlin, 68 years old, died this morning at five-thirty o'clock at her home in Carthage. Mrs. Newlin's death came after a week's illness and was unexpected. She had lived in Carthage for a number of years and was a well known woman in that vicinity. Mrs. Newlin is survived by one daughter and four sons. They are: Miss Jessie and Weldon of Chicago, Charles, Walter and William of Carthage. The funeral services will be held on Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the residence. Burial will take place in Riverside cemetery.

H. A. Kramer's excelsior brand of Hams, Bacon and Shoulders are the best and cheapest. Try the cured meat. 294tf

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Edna Billings has accepted a position in the I. & C. general offices.

Born yesterday to the wife of Otto Willis in West First street, an eight pound girl.

Work was started yesterday on decorating the interior of the Greek candy store.

A telephone has been installed in the Linville boarding house, 218 North Julian street. The number is 3484.

Many potatoes went into the ground yesterday, people believing St. Patrick's day the time to plant tubers.

George F. Mounts put lightning arrestors on the two barns of Frank Mull on the old Johnson farm north of Manilla last week.

Harry Striker, conductor on an I. & C. freight car, suffered a painful injury to his hand when it was mashed in unloading goods. The injury has caused him to stop work for a few days.

Mrs. George H. Caldwell has purchased a cottage in West Seventh street and will move there this week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warfel of Indianapolis will occupy Mrs. Caldwell's residence in East Eighth street.

New Castle Courier: Fred C. Gause, presiding as special judge, heard the remonstrance of H. W. and Lynn C. Boyd, M. C. Ramer, John Harter and George Wimmer against the Nelson drain. No decision was rendered.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hite, who has been very seriously sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jesse Holden in the Flatrock neighborhood, was reported better today. Mrs. Hite is probably the oldest woman in the county, being in her ninety-fourth year.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services of the Rev. James F. Hutchinson, who died Friday morning at his home in Xenia, Ohio, will be held there Monday afternoon at two o'clock. The body will be brought here for burial Tuesday afternoon on the 2:14 C. H. & D. train and will be taken direct to East Hill cemetery.

When you clean house finish your floors with Floor-Lac. You will be pleased. Oneal Bros. 306126

Smoke FAIR PROMISE 5c Cigars.

Sour Stomach AND ILL EFFECTS AFTER EATING

EVEN IF YOU HAVE TRIED OTHER REMEDIES AND GOT NO RELIEF DON'T FAIL TO GET A BOX OF

Raymond Dyspepsia Tablets

25c the Box
HARGROVE & MULLIN, Manufacturers.

Big House Cleaning Sale

New Line of Box Paper Just Received

Our Special For This Week

A box of Old Holland Linen Paper, 50 Envelopes and 50 sheets of paper, regular price, 50c, sale price..... **25c**

Headquarters for Quality Garden Seeds

99c Store

"Hand Picked" Wall Paper

There is as much difference between our stock of wall papers and decorations and that of the ordinary store as there is between hand picked fruit and the kind that is picked with a club. Every pattern is chosen with care, selected for some special excellence of style, durability, price or all of them combined. We have room for only the BEST from all these viewpoints, and we invite especially those folks who can appreciate the best in wall decorations.

Our positive guarantee proves beyond question the class of mechanics we employ. All work done under our firm name absolutely guaranteed for one year.

Phone 1438

133 W. Second St.

L. R. Brooks & Co.

"Leading Decorators"

6%

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The Legislature

WHICH HAS JUST ADJOURNED

Recognizes the Right of Trust Companies

to do general banking business. It has thrown about them all the precautionary measures that are now used for the protection of National and State Banks.

We Offer You Four Different Interest Paying Propositions and Urge You to Investigate Without Delay.

Farmers Trust Co.

3%

2%

Big Shoe Bargains For This Week

1 Lot Ladies \$5.00 Shoes at **\$2.50**
1 Lot Ladies' \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes **\$2.00**

Mens

1 Lot Men's \$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes at **\$3.00**

Sizes are Limited.

Come Early While We Can Fit You

The Shoe Man **BEN A. COX** The Shoe Man

232 N. Main Street



Take pleasure in announcing that we have the agency in this city for the well-known Wooltex coats, suits, and skirts for women and young women. All our outer apparel departments are ready for your inspection. The Wooltex garments are noted for their refined and distinctive style which has given them the first place in American fashions. All fabrics used are pure wool cloths, thoroughly sponged and shrunk before making. The linings are of excellent quality silk or satin.

Wooltex garments are guaranteed to give two season's satisfactory service, a proof of their genuine goodness.

A beautiful new line of petticoats just arrived in taffeta, messaline and satin, in plain colors, figures and persians with plain or plaited ruffles.

We feature the jersey top petticoat. Just the thing for snug-fitting skirts.

The Carpet Department is at its greatest height of completeness now. Everything here that you may need for the house-cleaning season in rugs, axminster, velvet, tapestry and ingrain carpets, matting and linoleum. Something Special all the time. Keep on a lookout for it.

The Mauzy Co.

The Corner Store

The Daylight Store